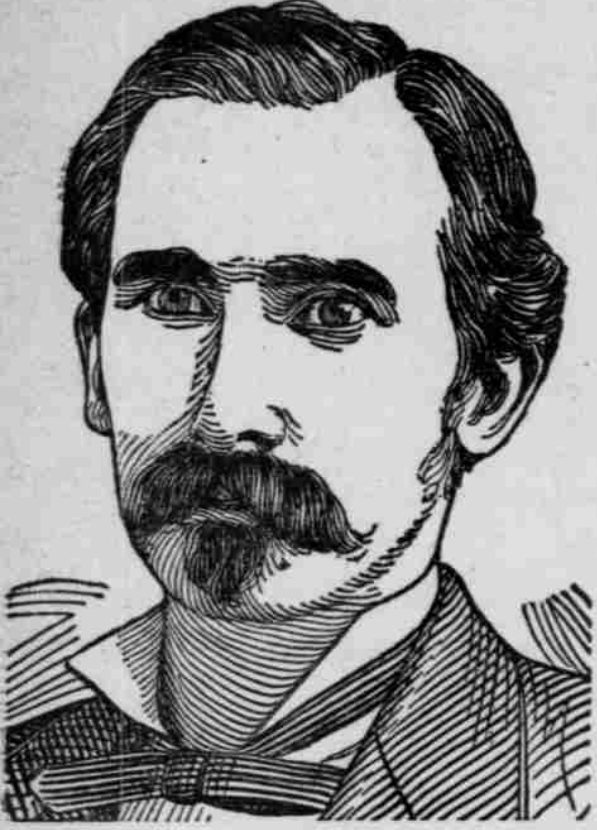


Cold Weather Brings Catarrh.

Though the disagreeable effects of Catarrh are felt all the year round, cold and disagreeable weather aggravates the disease and it is during the winter season that its severest form is felt. Each succeeding year seems to intensify the disease, so that it gradually fastens its hold upon the sufferer with a grasp that becomes firmer each season.

Catarrh often appears as only a cold at first, and is hardly noticed. But gradually the cold returns, and it is more difficult to cure, and stays longer than formerly. These symptoms cannot be mistaken; they mark the first appearance of a disease that will develop in severity and stubbornness, and which it is impossible to cure with the local treatment of sprays, washes, and similar applications. Being a disease of the blood, only a blood remedy can have the slightest effect upon it. S.S.S. (Swift's Specific) is the only cure for Catarrh, because it is the only blood remedy which goes to the seat of all obstructions, and deep-seated cases, and forces out the disease.

Mr. T. A. Williams, a leading merchant of Spartanburg, S. C., writes:



"For four years I had nasal catarrh, and though the case was a mild one at first, it was not long until I noticed that it was gradually growing worse. Of course I was under treatment of first-class physicians, but their remedies were applied locally, and the disease seemed to be getting a firmer hold on me all the while.

"After spending so much money for treatment which proved to be all in vain, I was urged to try S.S.S. This remedy proved to be the right one, for it got at the disease, and a few bottles cured me perfectly. The cure was a permanent one, and I have not had a touch of the disease for many years. Swift's Specific is the only remedy that will have the slightest effect upon Catarrh."

Sufferers from Catarrh should get a start on the disease before the cold weather aggravates it. Those who have been relying upon local treatment will find winter weather is all that is needed to show that the disease is still with them. A course of S.S.S. (Swift's Specific) will prove all assertions made that it is the only cure for Catarrh; it goes to the cause of the trouble—the blood—and forces out all traces of the disease.

Swift's Specific is the only remedy which reaches last obstinate blood diseases; it cures Catarrh, Rheumatism, Cancer, Contagious Blood Poison, Eczema, Scrofula, and in fact every other disease of the blood. It is guaranteed

Purely Vegetable

and is the only blood remedy containing no potash, mercury or other mineral. Books mailed free to any address by the Swift Specific Company, Atlanta, Ga.

ASSIGNEE'S SALE

REAL ESTATE.

W. W. Sudduth's assignee, Plaintiff,
vs.
W. W. Sudduth, Defendant.

By virtue of an order of sale in the above styled action the undersigned will, on

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1897,
sell publicly at the court-house door in Paris, Ky., at two o'clock p. m., to the highest and best bidder, the following described real estate:

Two tracts of land lying in Bourbon County, Ky., and bounded and described as follows, to-wit:

TRACT NO. 1.

A tract of 55½ acres of land on the Centerville & Jacksonville turnpike described as follows:

Beginning at a stone corner to Mrs. Rowland's dower, thence S 62½ E 152.4 poles, thence N 5 E 33.3 poles, thence N 94 E 22.56 poles, thence N 24 E 12 poles, thence N 84 E 18 poles, thence leaving the place of 384 W 127.4 poles, thence S 25 N 44.66 poles to the beginning.

TRACT NO. 2.

A tract of 11 acres and 10 poles adjoining the above tract and described as follows:

Beginning at a stone marker, G., on the west of the division of the lands of Levi Sudduth, thence S 27½ E 24.32 poles to a corner to Hawkins; thence S 79 E 65.08 poles to corner to Seelye, thence S 66 E 8.90 poles to corner to James Rowland, thence S 66 E 8.90 poles to corner to Sam. and Susan, thence N 25 E 22.94 poles to corner to No. 3 in the division aforesaid, thence N 79 W 72.60 poles to the beginning.

The above tracts will be sold in two lots, bearing interest from day of sale at six per cent., and the purchaser will be required to execute by him approved surety. The purchaser will pay the bonds at any time after the confirmation of the report of sale.

J. Q. WARD, JR.,
Assignee.

MY PAROQUET.

I had a parrot once, an ugly bird,
With the most wicked eye I ever saw,
Who, though it comprehended all it heard,
Would only say, "Oh, pahaw!"

I did my best to teach it goodly lore,
I talked to it of medicine and law,
It looked as if it knew it all before,
And simply said, "Oh, pahaw!"

I sat me down upon a dry goods box
To stuff sound doctrine down its empty
craw.
It would have none of matters orthodox,
But yawned and said, "Oh, pahaw!"

I talked to it of politics, finance,
I hoped to teach the bird to say "Hurrah!"
For my pet candidates when he'd a chance.
He winked and chirped, "Oh, pahaw!"

I am for prohibition, warp and woof,
But that bird stole hard cider through a
straw.
And tipped and teetered off at my reproof
And thickly said, "Oh, pahaw!"

Enraged, I hurled a bootjack, missed my aim
And plugged a passing stranger in the jaw.
He wheeled to see from whence the missile
came.
The demon laughed, "Oh, pahaw!"

I gave the creature to an old maid aunt
And shook with parting grief its skinny
claw.
"He'll serve to cheer," she said, "my lonely
heart,
For I don't marry the best man on earth!"
"Oh, pahaw!" sneered Poll. "Oh, pahaw!"
—Emma Herrick Weed in New York Sun.

A CONQUERING HERO.

It was such a pretty scene. The trees had the abundance of verdant foliage that belongs to happy June. The grass seemed more than usually rich and green and the wild flowers more abundant than ever before—there was a rural bridge over a deep, rushing stream that fed a mill dam some distance beyond, and roses clambered over the broken rails of the bridge and twined their wild tendrils about an old tree near by, against which was a rustic seat. On the rustic seat was another rose—a very sweet and fresh and lovely rose in white muslin, with a Marie Antoinette fichu across her breast and knotted at the waist, and a wide leghorn hat on her head that shaded her eyes so cleverly that no beholder could guess that tears were rising there from time to time and dropping on the white mull kerchief. And this had happened so often that the rose might very well be said to be washed in dew.

Her name was Kate, and she was very angry with herself because the tears would fall despite all the indignation things she was saying to herself in her effort to stop their flow, till at last she started to her feet in a dreadful pet and began to walk up and down, crushing the wild flowers under her feet. But that could not continue, for she was a very sweet little woman and could not even hurt a flower without regretting it, and presently she bent her graceful figure and pulled the wild anemones and the few late violets and, having reached the rustic seat, she added a rose or two and sat down.

"It's a perfectly lovely morning," she murmured and pinned the flowers among the folds of the mull kerchief. "I wonder where she has taken the child, because—"

She stopped and looked anxiously about till she saw in the distance the maid and the little boy rambling among the trees and apparently absorbed in gathering wild flowers and chasing butterflies, and the music of the child's laughter was borne to her on the soft, perfumed summer breeze. It was a heavenly sound—a sound to gladden any mother's heart, but Kate Selden sighed and drew from her belt a closely crumpled piece of paper, which she had thrust there in false impatience, and as she looked at it the tears, which had not retreated very far, again rose to her eyes.

"Oh, I'm just a dreadful fool," she thought. "A silly, silly little simpleton. And I'm glad he is late, for I wouldn't have him know for anything in this world that I cared enough to cry!"

And smothering out the crumpled paper, she began to read the written words once more, though she already knew them by heart:

"If you will see me on Wednesday, we can talk the matter over. I have spoken with my lawyer, and he has consulted with yours, and a separation can be arranged without any public scandal—at least, I hope so. I would call at the house, but I know your mother hates me worse than ever now, and it would only cause a scene. So if you will come to the old rustic seat close by the bridge—you know where we used to meet in the old, happy days—ah, Kate, if you would only let me tell you everything, you would find that I am not so very much to blame. But I won't speak of that, because, of course, I know you wish to leave me, and I will make no defense. Yes, you shall keep the boy, though I believe the law would give him to me if I chose to fight for my right—no, in that I yield to you entirely. I believe a child belongs to his mother first and before all others. Therefore, I give him to you without asking what the law might say about it, but I do ask that you will let me see him as often as I may wish, for I love him, dear—yes, though you may not believe it, Kate, I love him next to his mother, who is still the dearest on earth to me. There, I didn't mean to say that, but it is written, and let it stay so. I will not offend you again, but be there on Wednesday, any time before noon. I won't be later than 11, and we can arrange all the business details—the lawyers will do the rest."

And by this time the tears were brimming over, but she was so weakly that instead of crying she simply smoothed the paper, and slipped it inside her kerchief, where she could feel it rise and fall beneath the quick beating of her heart. She was glad he's late, she repeated, and then she looked at her watch and found it not quite half past four. "Oh, he's early, after all," she thought, and she went early. I will go, and Annette

and the child." And as she rose there was the cracking of a twig under a hasty footstep, and Kate Selden stood face to face with her husband. He was very pale, and his lips looked pallid and drawn with the effort to keep from trembling. She had flushed deeply when their eyes met, but now the color ebbed away from her girlish face, and she said confusedly:

"I am so glad—I mean, not to keep you waiting. You see I am here first."

"You are very good," he said, "but you are always good. You got my letter?"

"Oh, yes, or I wouldn't have known you were coming here." She moved backward a step and was very glad to drop into the old rustic seat. "It is very generous of you, Sidney, to agree to everything and particularly about baby."

"It is all I can do now—to try to please you," he answered weakly, and the perspiration was like dew on his brow. He took off his hat and stammered something about its being "awfully hot."

"Yes, perhaps you have walked fast. It is very warm, and you look tired. Won't you sit down?" She moved a little farther away to make room for him, and he dropped into the place beside her.

"We used to say there was just room enough for two," he added, with a smile, and she turned her head away, perhaps to pluck a rose, for she snapped one off short and then threw it away.

"Am I to see baby today?" he asked after a few minutes of awkward silence. "I haven't seen him, you know, since."

"Oh, yes," she answered hurriedly and looking about. "There they are, he and Annette, yonder in the woods. They are coming this way. Oh, Sidney," she cried suddenly turning toward him, "how could you? I can never, never forgive you!"

"I could never dare to ask you."

They were almost the very words of Pauline and Claud. She remembered in a moment that it had been the first play Sidney had taken her to see after they had married and how often they had laughed at that pair of lovers, each dying to forgive and be forgiven and neither daring to say the right word. She used to think she could never be so foolish as that, and now—it was getting very awkward, for this was a far more serious matter, and she knew that she could never, never forgive. What woman could?

And then she heard the laughter and shouts of little Sidney, who had just caught sight of his father and was now running wildly to welcome him. It was a fortunate interruption to a scene that was nearing a painful climax, and she was very glad to take a step or two toward the laughing boy, who was already flying across the bridge, followed by his nurse; then there was a crash, a shriek. The side of the bridge was gaping outward. The maid stood wringing her hands. The golden curls, that had floated a moment above the rushing water, were gone.

It was so sudden, so inexplicable, that the frantic mother could not realize at first what had happened. When she did, the air resounded with her agonized cries, and it was the nurse-girl who was the first to see that Selden had already reached his child just in time.

"Courage, ma'am, courage!" the girl whispered, while she supported her mistress. "See—he is safe! His father has him. Look, look! The darling has his arms about the master's neck, and he's hugging and kissing of him just as if nothing had happened at all!"

The girl assisted her mistress back to the little rustic seat, and when the father and child had reached the young mother little Sidney was already laughing with delight, and as he put one dripping arm about her neck he drew her close till her face touched her husband's face.

"Kate," whispered Selden, "Kate, may I beg forgiveness now?"

"Oh, Sidney, I have been so proud and heartless! I was jealous and vain—and—and—so selfish and unfair! I wouldn't listen to you, and all the time I knew you never cared for that woman! Can you forgive me too?"

"Just give me a chance; that's all." And then two pairs of arms met and clasped each other close about the conquering hero, who seemed to find himself quite suddenly an object of secondary importance.

It then occurred to Annette that Master Sidney would have a dreadful cold unless his dripping garments were changed immediately, so she carried him off in pursuit of dry clothing.—Popular Monthly.

Preparing and Cooking Ducks.

Ducks, in point of quality, rank as follows: Canvasback, redhead, mallard and teal. The canvasback probably outranks everything in the way of game in the estimation of good liver. No seasonings or spices are used in its cooking; none could add to its perfect flavor. Pluck, singe and draw the birds, wiping out the inside with a cloth wet in salt water, never washing. Truss, dust lightly with salt (inside and outside) and bake 25 minutes in a hot oven. Baste often in melted butter and hot water—one part butter to three of water. If preferred rare (conceded the better way), cook only 20 minutes. In serving pour over the liquor yielded in the cooking.—Ella Morris Kretschmar in Woman's Home Companion.

Unaccountable Ignorance.

As a trolley car turned off from Fulton street, Brooklyn, the other afternoon and came to a standstill a woman got off who attracted attention by her slow and painful movements, and a woman got on who moved with equal slowness and effort. Both were very lame. This incident afforded an opening for the conductor, who said to a passenger on the platform: "It beats all the number of lame people you see lately in this city. I wonder where they all come from."

"Oh, you do, and you the conductor of a trolley car?" was the sarcastic remark of the passenger.—New York Times.

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